MARTIN REDFERN'S OATH.

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE,

Author of "Marjorie Gordon: Heroine or Fanatic?" "Fifeshire Tales," "Cobweb's Promise," etc.

"There they are, you see. You had better take them elsewhere." *p. 50.*

CHAPTER V.

A PURCHASER FOR ROBERT'S PICTURE.

DAYS of the same sultry heat followed in unbroken succession. The busy London season would soon be over now. A great many fortunate people had already left town to exchange the dusty parks and streets, the hot theatres and crowded ball-rooms, for purple Scottish moors, seaside breezes, or Continental pleasures, but there still remained a good many toilers in the busy whirlpool of pleasure; and then London, of course, in the true sense of the word, is never empty—the "summer vacation" is only a name to a great many.

Robert Hilary, shut up in Paradise Row, had not lost his hunger and thirst for the sea. The longing, instead of leaving him, seemed only to intensify and increase as every day passed, and Ella grew to think that such a trip was in truth the very thing to save him, to restore him to health.

And yet it seemed so utterly out of their power. Even a day at Brighton or Hastings was as impossible as a three months' sojourn at the English lakes would have been. For one thing, Robert was not fit for the journey; in the luxurious confines of a "Pullman" he could, no doubt, have accomplished it, but then there would have been necessary a carriage to drive him to the station, and careful tending once the seaside was reached! Without doubt it was just the tonic, the medicine he needed; a physician would have recommended "Dr. Brighton" at once, but Pullmans and carriages, railway fares and hotel expenses are not for people who have a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door—not for those who found it difficult to pay the small sum asked for two rooms in Paradise Row!

Robert might have borrowed enough from Mrs. Driver to take him down in one of those cheap trips so frequent in summer, but then the stifling, crowded confines of a third-class journey, the fatigue in his weak state, and the night journey home!

No, it was quite impossible! And yet Ella could not keep her mind from recurring to the one subject. Only a five-pound note, only one, to see her husband's thin face bright with pleasure again, to hear the tone of happiness in his voice once more, and oh! to see the glow of health stealing back into his face!

He was naturally of such a hopeful disposition, that to see him so utterly downcast and depressed was a double trial to his wife now. Part of this, of course, was the result of his illness, and his weakness made him brood; he could not throw things from him as he would have done in health, or in a happier time.

He had been trying to finish a picture lately, and on the Tuesday which followed Dot's visit to her unknown grandfather he was sitting propped up in his chair holding it up to the light to see if the varnish was quite dry.

"Yes, Ella," he said at length, "you can take it into town with you to-day, and you can ask at the same time if Smith has been able to sell the others. *Surely* they must be sold now! I used to sell so many just like them long ago, and you said, dear, you thought them better than those for which I used to get £25 or £30! You will ask, Ellen? I think they *must* be sold! And then we could pay the chemist and Dr. Dryford, and you could take Dot into the park."

"We could hire a cab just for two hours, or even one, and go for a drive; you would enjoy it so much!" Ella said, flushing and smiling, and then her face fell; what if they were not sold? How could she come back and tell him? Hope sprung so soon, and the reaction was only the more bitter.

He wrapped up the picture, his thin fingers trembling

with eagerness, and then Ella went to put on her rusty brown hat and lace scarf.

Dot was with Robert when she went in to say good-bye, and the child looked at her mother longingly, as Ella counted the pence in her purse. It was, oh! so hot in the garden, even under the large umbrella Mrs. Driver had given her. The sun came through and beat fiercely upon her head; and then Lolla was very uninteresting to-day, and she was "*so* firsty!" Poor Dot! she had not been well lately. Never very robust, the heat was trying to her little frame, and a quick pang struck through Ella's heart as she looked down at the small, white, wistful face.

"Dot will stay with father," she said, stooping down to kiss her darling, with the tears in her own eyes, and a hard, choking lump in her throat, and Dot only answered, "Vewy well," patiently and wearily. Her look and manner startled poor Ella, but what could she do?

Ella had a long drive into town, and she was glad to leave the crowded omnibus and mix in the throng hurrying down Oxford Street.

The picture dealer to whom she was going was a man who had been well known to Robert in his palmy days, and one to whom he had shown great kindness. Now their positions were reversed, but the senior partner of Smith, Frisby and Co. did not seem to perceive that now might be his turn to extend a helping hand.

Robert could not afford to pay him much for exhibiting the pictures, and, though he took one or two grudgingly, he made no secret of the favour he thought he was bestowing, and as yet none had been sold.

The shop was full when Ella entered, for it was a favourite resort for the devotees of art, or the fashionables who thought themselves connoisseurs in china and bric-à-brac. The elegant gentleman who attended to her request to see Mr. Smith surveyed her with a languid stare before he remembered that "Mr. Smith was at present engaged."

"Will you ask him to speak to me when he is ready?" And then she sat down and waited patiently. At last he appeared, bustling up with the "Now-what-is-it?" expression of bored endurance which is so especially trying.

She took the picture and began to unfasten the covering, saying gently, "My husband asked me to show you this, Mr. Smith, and to ask if the others have been sold."

Mr. Smith put the blue and white vase he was holding on the counter, before he answered rather impatiently, and with a slight air of familiarity, "My dear Mrs. Hilary, there has not been time for them to sell yet!"

Ella's face grew very white, and she let the picture fall on the counter. She felt suddenly very tired and weak, as if, now that the disappointment had come, that she had not expected it—could not bear it.

"Oh," she said, "I think there has been time. Have people seen them, Mr. Smith? I have never noticed them in the window, and they are very good. I think they are sure to sell."

"Yes, yes," he answered, with a calm smile of superiority, swinging his gold watch-chain at the same time. "But, then, my dear madam, you are a partial judge! No, they are not sold; and really I do not see much good in your leaving this."

"What shall I do?" broke from poor Ella's lips, half unconsciously, as she thought of returning home empty-handed. "Oh, Mr. Smith, will you *please* put them in the window? My husband will pay you one day, I know; he cannot teach just now, he depends on these pictures selling!"

The man evidently felt, and did not appreciate, the implied reproach in her words. "You are at liberty to remove them," he said, huffily; "I shall fetch them down." And, before she could answer or expostulate, he moved away.

In a few moments the pictures were before her—two groups of flowers, daffodils "tossing their heads in sprightly dance," and a great mass of dusky wallflowers in a yellow jar. They were beautiful in colouring and grouping, but he only gave them a little contemptuous shove towards her, as he said, "There they are, you see. You had better take them elsewhere."

"I cannot," Ella almost wailed. "Pray do not be offended——" and then she stopped short, putting up her hands to her dry throat. What was she to do? How was she to go home to Robert with this news? She *could* not!

And just at that moment a lady, who had been an unnoticed listener to the *tête-à-tête*, stepped forward impetuously, saying, "May I see the pictures?"

She took no notice of Mr. Smith's somewhat stiff bow, but drew them towards her, while Ella clasped her hands in agonised eagerness. Was this a purchaser?

She was a tall woman, with a plain, yet rather pleasant, face, and loud, abrupt speech. Ella had noticed the brilliant costume of crimson silk and lace, as she entered the shop.

"These are the prettiest things I ever saw here," she cried in her loud tones, as she held up first one picture then another. "Why did you pack them away in the back place? They are just the things for a boudoir! I'll have them if the price is not outrageous! What is it?"

Mr. Smith named the sum with immense dignity; and the lady, drawing a roll of bank-notes from her bag, made him sign a receipt, talking freely all the time, and giving directions as to the packing of her property.

And then, when Ella had in her turn received the money, minus Mr. Smith's commission, she found her hand seized at the door.

"I'm glad I was here. That is a cross fellow! I'd have bought the one you brought too, only I have a group of these very roses in my room already. However, I'll tell my husband about them—not that he understands art, you know; neither do I for that matter, but I know what pleases me, and I like flower pictures. Is your husband an artist? I'm crazy about going over studios, and that sort of thing; though my husband says I always say the wrong thing, and admire the worst pictures. I don't care one straw for your Madonnas, and St. Sebastian-stuck-all-over-pins sort of pictures. I like flowers and landscapes. Critics would turn up their noses at me, of course; I don't mind. Where do you live? I'll come and see if there is any other picture would do for my room."

She had rattled on at a great rate, nodding her head energetically; and when Ella gave the address, she put it down, in an uneducated and rather sprawly hand, on her ivory tablets, and then she turned to Ella again.

"Good-bye—I'm Mrs. Mark Redfern, 5, Prince's Gate. Send me a line if I forget to come." And then with another nod she finally sailed out of the shop, a gentleman who had just entered joining her at the door.

He started at something or someone he saw, as she spoke to him, then followed her into the street, a heavy frown on his face.

"Olivia, who is the woman you were talking to?"

"I don't know; a poor soul that horrid Smith was browbeating about some pictures. I bought them; they'll just do for the corner next father's portrait in my room. She was

such a delicate, sad-looking creature! I declare her face touched my heart."

"What is her name?"

"She did give me the address; here it is—'Mrs. Hilary, 12, Paradise Row, Holloway.' What's the matter?"

"Did I say there was anything? I am only wondering why you care to lumber your room with trash! You know no more about pictures than Lily—a good deal less I believe, and *she* would not part with her money so easily!"

"No, she takes after you in that respect," his wife responded equably, with her good-natured laugh. "But it's my money, Mark, so I suppose I may spend it as I please. And the pictures *are* good!"

He made no answer, and, as she viewed his forbidding expression, she laughed again. "One would think we were paupers, Mark, and I was extravagant! Come and have lunch, and some of that new wine you liked. What has put you out?"

But, even though he followed her to the fashionable restaurant, where Mrs. Redfern ordered all the delicacies obtainable, he ate them with unusual sparing, and did not by any means lose his ill-humour. Something annoying had happened, Mrs. Redfern thought.

What was Ella doing in London? Would she try to see her father, and conciliate him? Was his fortune in that quarter in danger? The fear even interfered with the taste of the rare viands and wines, and spoilt his appetite.

And Ella, on her way home with the precious money, was thinking, "How strange to be helped and saved by—Mark's wife!"

And then her eyes grew dim as she felt the rustle of the precious notes. The doctor's and chemist's bills would be paid, and Robert should have his drive, and some good food.

How good God was! He had heard her prayers, He had shut the lion's mouth and sent this angel to help them; and if the angel took the shape of Mark's wife?—Ella smiled a little as she thought. She had taken a liking to the kindly face, plain though it was.

She told Robert all that evening, her arms round his neck. "And we must never, never doubt, Robert! We must keep our love and faith steadfast!"

"Yes," he said, and stroked her thin face thoughtfully. There was peace and hope in Paradise Row that night.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MARK REDFERN GIVES HER OPINION.

"MAMMA, I wish I could go and see Mrs. Leslie."

"Who is Mrs. Leslie?" Mrs. Redfern inquired, flinging down the last volume of her novel. "I'll take you anywhere you like, Lily—I'm sick of reading."

Lily came over to the couch where her mother was lying, stretched at ease.

"Will you, mamma? Really? Mrs. Leslie, you know—I see her when I go to Uncle Martin's. She promised to show me how to make toffee."

"Oh, the housekeeper! Very well, you strange child, I will indulge your taste for elderly company, and pay your uncle a call at the same time. I have not seen the old man for months."

"Mark did say something about not going there," she soliloquised as she raised herself and shook out her dress; "but I don't see why I shouldn't, and if the child wants to go!"

So she rang for Lily's maid, and giving her instructions to dress that young lady in her best attire, hurried away to her own toilet.

"What makes you like to pay Mrs. Leslie visits?" she asked, when they were rolling towards the Campsley Road; "I should not fancy her very entertaining."

"She is a very nice woman," Lily replied in her stiff, unchildish little manner. "We made toffee one day, and she showed me Uncle Martin's rooms, and his pictures and things. She has such a pretty picture, of her own, of a dear little girl, and she says it cost ever so much money! but I am never to speak about it to Uncle Martin, or say I have seen it!"

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Mark, curiously; but Lily shook her head.

"I don't know; but you ask her to let *you* see it, mamma. Will you?"

When they reached Hillsthorpe, Mr. Redfern-Fairlie was at home, and they were ushered into the grand drawing-room, where they awaited his arrival.

At last he came in, looking more shrivelled, bent, and old than Mrs. Redfern ever remembered seeing him.

"Well, Uncle Martin," she cried, cheerfully, after they had shaken hands; "it is an age since I saw you, and Lily suggested our coming herself! I hope you're glad to see us, and that you're feeling pretty well, though this weather *is* enough to try the constitution of a horse. I'm dying to get out of town, but Mark won't leave till late in August."

Mr. Redfern (as we shall call him still) had seated himself during the lady's opening speech; he looked across at her now, with his most caustic expression, answering dryly and shortly, "I am quite well, thank you."

But Mrs. Redfern was not easily to be put down, and she began again.

"I'm afraid you have thought we had forgotten you, but that is not the case, I assure you. Mark is always speaking of you. I hope he has been out lately. I have always so much to do, and it is a long way for the horses. I wish I could persuade you, Uncle Martin, to take a house nearer town, and in a better neighbourhood. I know of a house at this moment, near us, which is to let. You must come and look over it, and then we should be near each other, and I could run in so easily to see you!"

She thought the last prospect a tempting one, and the old man actually smiled, though, indeed, Mrs. Redfern, good tempered as she was, hardly liked his expression.

He rubbed his shrivelled hands slowly together at last, as he answered, "You are very kind. I do not intend to leave Hillsthorpe, and I have notions that relations are better a little apart—we might quarrel if I were so near you!"

"Quarrel! oh nonsense!" his "niece-by-marriage" responded, with an easy laugh; "we shall never do anything so stupid, and Mark is the last man on earth to quarrel! Not that he has the temper of an angel—but he's slow, very slow."

Mr. Redfern gave a species of growl which might have meant anything, and she continued in the loud voice which always set the old man's nerves on edge, "How are the servants doing? Can I help you in any way with them? A word in season from a lady is sometimes required."

"I have a housekeeper, thank you," he responded, in a tone which might have warned the most obtuse woman on earth that she was on dangerous ground; "she does her duty, and the servants are competent."

"That is a mercy! Well, you'll show me those things you got at Christie's by-and-by; and now I'll go and get Mrs.

Leslie to make me a cup of tea. I suppose that I may take that liberty? I like a chat with the old lady."

"Take what you please, only leave me alone," hovered on Mr. Redfern's lips, but he only said, "Very well, very well," with so much suppressed snappishness, that Lily went over to her mother as if alarmed.

But Mrs. Redfern, who had no tact at all and was always marvelling how she "put him out," only laughed, and taking Lily's hand left the room.

They found Mrs. Leslie in her own abode, engaged in dusting china, and Mrs. Redfern took a seat and looked curiously around.

"You've got quite a cosy corner here. That furniture is from the Hall, isn't it? And what a fine picture! I declare I never saw it before!"

She advanced eagerly to admire the portrait which hung just opposite, and Lily remarked, "That's the one I told you of, mamma; isn't the little girl pretty?"

"She's a darling," responded impetuous Mrs. Redfern, "and it is by Millais, I see. What does your master mean by leaving a thing like that up here? He must be mad!"

"He told me to put it here, ma'am; he does not like it talked about;" and Mrs. Leslie seemed a little uncomfortable as she spoke.

"In the name of wonder, why?"

"It—brings back painful memories," Mrs. Leslie began, uneasily. "It is the picture of his daughter, madam; Mr. Mark would tell you about her."

"Indeed he never did," "Mr. Mark's" wife cried, scenting romance or mystery. "A daughter! I never knew he had one. What became of her—did she die? Why don't they speak of her?"

"I am not at liberty, madam, to tell the story."

Mrs. Redfern said, "Why not?" rather impatiently, and then she determined to lose no time in asking the old man herself. He was sure to be angry, but then, as Victor Hugo says, "Curiosity is often a form of feminine bravery," and Mrs. Mark was certainly either intensely curious or intensely brave.

So she turned away, after a long and admiring look. "Bring Miss Lily down in a little; and don't let her tire you or make herself sick with jam. I would like a cup of tea, Mrs. Leslie, and don't infuse it too long."

"I will order it at once."

Mrs. Redfern's thoughts were very busy as she went downstairs and through the sunlit lobby. She had quite made up her mind to hear the whole story frm the old man himself. "You might as well try to draw blood from a stone as get anything from *Mark* that he did not want to tell! But the old man is different," she soliloquised; and once in the room she burst straight into her subject in one startling remark.

"Uncle Martin, do you know I never knew till five minutes ago that you had a daughter."

Mr. Redfern started, then grew very white; he answered, however, almost immediately, with a harsh laugh, "And who told you the interesting intelligence?"

"I saw the picture in Mrs. Leslie's room; but she would tell me nothing about her. Did she die?"

"No."

"What then? Come, let me hear about it."

There was a slight pause, and then Mr. Redfern looked over at the lady's inquisitive face. "I may as well tell her," he thought, gloomily, "or she'll chatter to everyone and worry me to death with questions!" And then he groaned inwardly. Everywhere and always this old pain seemed to be starting up to reproach him! What did it mean?

"I suppose you will not rest until you have unearthed the story," he said bitterly; "but it is not very exciting or interesting. I had a daughter, and she was to have married your husband. I wished it—so did my brother—so did Mark; and it would have kept the Hall in the family—my family. It is entailed, as you know. She disobeyed me—went away one morning and married a beggarly fellow I had forbidden to the house, and then they came back and told me what they had done!"

"And what did you do?"

"I swore never again to see her or hers—sent them away—and I have kept my oath. We have never met since that day!"

He stopped, and Mrs. Redfern drew her breath with a gasp. It was like one of her three-volume novels! And she dearly loved and admired romance and bravery in others. This did not seem to her such a very dreadful crime. She regarded it in altogether a different light. She rather admired the girl's pluck, she thought.

"Did she dislike Mark?" she inquired, and Mr. Redfern answered shortly, "I don't know; I suppose so—she had no reason to do so that I know of!"

"People can't help their likes and dislikes," Mrs. Redfern said, oracularly. "And she loved the other man! Poor thing! Well, uncle, I must say I think you were very hard! You don't mean to say you have never seen her since! your own child! Had he, her husband, money?"

"Yes, a little."

"Ah, enough to marry on? Enough to live on?"

"I don't know the exact sum," the old man said, irritably; "perhaps you had better not inform your husband of your opinion of my conduct. He might find a few words to say to you on the subject. 'Hard!' Do you know that Mark will succeed to the fortune which would have been hers? Do you understand that point in the story?"

"My husband!" echoed Mrs. Redfern, and she grew suddenly crimson and her eyes sparkled. "Did he encourage you to send her away like that?" she cried. "If he did, it was very mean and low! And perhaps she is poor—your daughter—gave up everything for her lover, poor thing! If she loved him and not Mark, what else could she do? And was he a gentleman? Oh, I think it was very harsh of you. And my husband is to have all her money?"

"Mark is my heir."

The entrance of the tea stayed further conversation, and Mrs. Redfern drank hers in most unusual silence. If Mark had done this thing—Mark, who had so much money already!

Soon after Lily returned, and Mrs. Redfern rose to go.

When Mr. Redfern said goodbye, she could not resist a parting question, "Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Then you ought to find out!" And with this daring expression of her opinion, she rustled away. To save her life Mrs. Redfern could not have held her tongue.

Strangely enough, Mr. Redfern did not seem offended; strangely enough, he had never thought so highly of Mark's wife as he did at that moment! After all, she was honest and generous, and if she did dress in execrable taste, and had a voice which jarred on every nerve he possessed, she had a better heart than her dignified husband. He even thought to himself he had done her a little injustice in the past.

(Continued on page 65.)

KITH AND KIN IN THE OUTER CIRCLE.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

The Granddaughter.

THE birth of the first grandchild is generally an era in a family—one of the bright, happy eras in family life. The new-comer is warmly welcomed, and is greeted with a pleasant mixture of half-wonder, curiosity and glad thankfulness. Is the child strong and healthy? Whom does it resemble on the father's or the mother's side of the house? What will be its character and destiny? When will it begin to notice, and to give faint indications of what manner of man or woman it is going to be? To none are these hopes, joys, and speculations more interesting than to the grandmother, in whose mind they must be mixed up with a throng of reminiscences more vivid and precious to her than to any one else in the world, though, perhaps, tinged with pensive regret for the days which are gone. Just so the baby's father or mother looked when his or her mother was still a young matron, having a long life, crowded with occupations and interests, stretching out before her. Now she has turned the corner; however young a grandmother she may be, the first grandchild is like the first grey hair—an unmistakable sign that life is on the wane. Nevertheless, the grandmother is, with few exceptions, well nigh as proud of her first grandchild as of her first child. It is on her that a large share of the responsibility, anxiety and trouble of its first years falls. If she is not near to watch its progress day by day, or week by week, and compare it with what its father or mother did at the same age, she is constantly appealed to by letter for the benefit of her knowledge and advice.

When there is any hitch in the routine of the household, and especially after the little granddaughter's infantile ailments, baby is sent to her grandmother to be taken care of and recruited.

Frequently, in the affectionate zeal and enthusiasm with which the grandparents are prepared to pay their homage at the new shrine, the whole staid household is turned upside down for the better reception and entertainment of the small guest. I happened once to be in the house of an elderly officer—a brave sailor renowned for his gallant services with a life-boat on a rocky northern coast. His young married daughter, her husband and baby, were expected for a Christmas visit. The roaring fires, lest the baby should arrive chilled from the journey, the elaborate arrangements for her comfort and entertainment, the suppressed excitement and satisfaction of the entertainers, were things to be remembered.

"Of course, little Polly is the principal person," explained her exultant grandfather, rubbing his hands in anticipation. "I could give up the company of the two grown-up people, but I could not consent to miss my little Polly."

Nearly always the tie between grandmother and granddaughter is a very happy one, till the child is grown into a young girl, with a girl's individuality of taste and will, and all the fine network of a girl's affinities and antipathies, and multifarious interests and engagements. Until then the exception to the harmony is when the grandparents are of the old school—rigid disciplinarians where the young are concerned; and the intermediate father and mother are of the new—lax in the matter of indulging and spoiling their children. Natu-

Grandmother's Counsel.

rally, the checks and restraints which have never been applied at home, are doubly unpalatable when enforced under what is, by comparison, a strange roof, so that the child dreads and detests a visit to her grandmother as if it were paid to a despot of the first water.

But this *contretemps* is for the most part rare. As a rule, the little girl finds herself doubly cherished and caressed by those friends who have grown too old for theories of education and a strict system of punishments to balance the rewards, who have reached a happy sense of irresponsibility with regard to the future moral welfare of the child. "For, of course, she is not our own child, only our grandchild," these optimists say cheerfully; "her father and mother can, and will correct her when it is necessary. We should have no thanks for pointing out her faults, and sitting in judgment on them." Therefore, the little woman does very much what she pleases. She toddles by her grandfather's side, with a hold of his finger, on his morning walk, and is treated by him to any toy she fancies in the shop windows by the way. Or, if the family are in the country, she is allowed to pick the ripe fruit and the common flowers, inspect the calves and lambs, and run after the hens and chickens. She rides on her grandfather's stick, and sits on his shoulder. She turns over the contents of her grandmother's work-table in a manner which no daughter of the house was ever permitted to do; she goes with the old lady to the housekeeper's room, or the store-room, or the market, and is regaled with stray sweets; she drives with her grandmother, or walks out with her in the suburb or village. The little girl is praised and admired in the shops at which her grandmother deals, and by the village women —some of them pensioners of the family. She is taken to call at the vicarage, or the doctor's, or the lawyer's house, or at humbler houses, where she is again an object of attention. She is compared with the children who are her contemporaries. She stares at them for a moment in meditative fixedness, and the next instant, before the seniors have finished their introductions and invitations, has her fat little arm encircling another child's neck or waist, and is off with her to try her swing, or to see her rabbits and guinea-pigs.

In her grandmother's drawing-room, or house-place, the little granddaughter has her special stool at her grandmother's knee, and there she sits while the mistress of the family, spectacles on nose, dresses a doll, or covers a ball for her, and tells her what a good little girl her mother was —how she could do this and that, knew all her letters, and sang a little hymn or two, before she was four. In those simple, happy days, a visit to her grandmother, even a lengthened stay with her, is a privilege eagerly looked forward to, and highly prized by the granddaughter.

There is danger of its being otherwise—as the years roll on, and the poor grandmother is no longer rich in the means of pleasing and amusing her young descendant. The girl's faculties and tastes are rapidly outgrowing the grandmother's power of meeting them, and enlisting them in her favour. The great gulf which yawns between the old and the young, which only love can bridge over, becomes every day more apparent. The grandmother's heart had need to remain green, the granddaughter's nature to be tender, deferential, and protecting, to prevent a catastrophe. It is more imminent, and there is a danger of its proving more disastrous, if the poor old grandmother has been long severed from her juniors, and has led an isolated life of dull routine. The happiest experiences, for both age and youth, are when they have always mingled at home and abroad; when youth has been more or less there to freshen age, and age to sober and steady youth. Where they have wholly diverged there is pity wanted for both! Age will stagnate, stiffen, harden, and go so far as even to forget what were the feelings and aspirations of the time long past. Youth, freed from what it is tempted to regard as the drag of age—of its fears and doubts, old-fashioned, unenlightened notions, and tiresome scruples, together with the waste of time implied in ministering to its failing strength and increasing selfishness, will suffer in proportion. It may be that a great deal of vigour and buoyancy is wanted for the work of the world, for the radiant perception of what a good thing it is to be alive, and young, for keen animal enjoyment. Still, youth unfettered does not have the entirely "good time" which our American cousins and their followers are in the habit of demanding for it. It is a good time with a subtle and what must be a sorrowful *arrière pensée*. It is an experience which realises the wise man's reminder to the young man, whom he bids rejoice in his youth, and walk in the ways of his heart, and the sight of his eyes, but for all these things God will bring him into judgment.

If the gloom and harshness of an unkindly age are unlovely, the arrogance and levity of a heartless youth are no less repellent. There is more excuse for the one, in the trials the old woman may have borne, and the weakness against which she may be struggling, than there is for the other, in the young woman's exuberance of goodly gifts. All the generosity of the higher nature will range itself on the side of the weaker combatant. It is only the thoughtless, flippant, vulgar-minded, whatever their class, who will maintain the outcry against the old "fogies" and old "frumps," who are always in the way, and always interfering, whom it would be better, in the interests of the young world, to lock up for the short remainder of their lives, or to put out of pain at once.

It is not meant, by any means, in these sentences, that the old never trespass against the young, or take advantage of them in forgetfulness and heedlessness, and in dire disdain of any rights save their own, cruelly overshadowing the spring of existence in the rising generation, and demanding sacrifices which never ought to have been asked. There is a possibility of seeing on both sides, and I am simply arguing in defence of the opposite client, and looking on the reverse emblems on the shield. Therefore I would urge on the granddaughter, full of her own dreams and desires, not to turn from the grandmother who was the dear friend of her youth; not to tire of her or be impatient with her, for depend upon it, however good and kind, and even charming, she may be, in a beautiful and lovable old age, she will still be, as she is human, trying, in the very distance which separates her from her child's child, and either leaves a disheartening blank or makes a jarring discord, where their respective ideas are concerned. Be patient, not petulant, with the old woman; if you make fun of her peculiarities let it be very kindly fun, and she herself will soon join in it. As you respect your own womanhood and seek to preserve what is best in it, stop short of mimicry and mockery. Stifle the tumult of young life, which is in peril of seeing nothing and hearing nothing save its own clamorous exigencies, in order to comprehend the flagging current of her being; give her substantial aid if you have it to give, and if she needs it. Lend the young arm to support the feeble gait, thread her needle, pick up her spectacles, place her footstool. These are offices which cost you little, but she will value them above their worth. Read to her for an hour. Don't let it be

merely seeking to edify her by rushing through a chapter of the Bible, but try to entertain her out of the columns of her tiresome newspapers, or the pages of her stupid old books. It will do you no possible harm; it may cheer her. She is the mother of your mother or father, whom you surely hold in all honour and affection. She once did for them what they are now doing for you. You, too, if you live, will grow old some day, and you will not be sorry if you can honestly say to yourself, "I think I *was* good to my old grandmother, poor soul! I understand better to-day how *she* felt, and I am glad, yes, I *am* glad, after all these years, that I did not altogether fail her, that I have not that on my conscience, so that if my children's children fail me (which God forbid) I need not look upon it as retribution." When there is real union, sympathy and tender regard to be seen between grandmother and granddaughter, the sight is very delightful, and is suggestive of many virtues and graces on either side.

FOOD AND DRINK.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE,

Author of "The Art of Nursing," etc.

II.—Meat.

RABBIT and hare come under the head of game, so that, in classifying meat ordinarily in use, I only name the following:—Beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, bacon, venison.

In all lean meat, the component parts are very much the same as in vegetables, as far as nitrogen is concerned. If a person is not doing much active work he requires only about 200 grains of nitrogen, and the value of meat is that it contains so much of the latter. Nitrogenous matter, I may add, is the flesh-forming principle for sensation and movement, but as health cannot be maintained on merely nitrogenous foods, even if combined with the necessary salts and water, there should always be a mixture and variety in our food so as to ensure getting all that we require. There are four things absolutely necessary: Materials to create warmth; to supply force or power; to repair; to afford support and strength (saline matters). By this I do not mean that it is absolutely necessary to eat meat, for nitrogen forms the most important physical basis of vegetable as well as animal life, and, in almost equal quantities, is present in many vegetable foods.

A doctor writes thus:—"We find man using a mixed diet because the nitrogen seems to be in a form more easily assimilated when it is taken as *fibrin* in the muscles of animals, in fish, or in the flesh of birds; and for growing boys and girls this form of nitrogen, and also that which is found in milk and eggs—scientifically termed *casein* and *albumen*—is undoubtedly advantageous, being the nearest approach to the tissues required, and needing, therefore, but little change. Each of these varieties of animal food contains about 15½ per cent. of the element nitrogen.

"So we find the *gluten* of wheat, which is vegetable *fibrin*, has a composition very similar to that found in beef and mutton, and serves an equal purpose in the body. Then in the seeds of peas, beans, and similar plants a substance named *legumin* is very abundant, and it differs in no essential respect from the *casein* of cheese; whilst the third variety, *albumen*, can be found in potatoes, rye, wheat, carrots, turnips, cabbages, asparagus, and vegetables of that description."

I note this as it must be remembered that if for pecuniary reasons you are unable to get as much flesh meat as you imagine is desirable for the health of your family, you can, with care and thought, so arrange your food—mixing vegetable food with oil, sugar, and salt—that meat may play a very secondary part or none at all. For instance, one pound and a quarter of good Scotch oatmeal supplies as much nitrogen and nearly as much fat as one pound of ordinary meat (uncooked).

You must remember that if you eat meat it is for the purpose of forming flesh in your body, therefore it should contain all the original constituents of flesh. Usually when meat is boiled the albumen escapes, and is wasted in the water; and consequently the fibrin is much hardened. Now, the proper way is to take the meat you desire to boil, and immerse it in *boiling* water. This has the effect of coagulating the albumen near the surface of the joint, and thus the juices of the meat are contained within it, and not allowed to escape into the water. As soon as this is done—and ten minutes suffices for it—the water should be cooled down by adding a small quantity of cold water, and the cooking should be finished by gentle simmering. The water, indeed, should only be just on the boil, so that a very small fire suffices. The water should be so reduced by evaporation that there should be only enough left to serve as a gravy or to keep for soup stock. Dr. Letheby gives the following list of characteristics of good meat:—

"1st. It is neither of a pale pink colour nor of a deep purple tint, for the former is a sign of disease, and the latter indicates that the animal has not been slaughtered, but has died with the blood in it, or has suffered from acute fever.

"2nd. It has a marbled appearance, from the ramifications of little veins of fat among the muscles.

"3rd. It should be firm and elastic to the touch, and should scarcely moisten the fingers, bad meat being wet, and sodden, and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.

"4th. It should have little or no odour, and the odour should not be disagreeable, for diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of physic. This is very discoverable when the meat is chopped up and drenched with warm water.

"5th. It should not shrink or waste much in cooking.

"6th. It should not run to water or become very wet on standing for a day or so, but should, on the contrary, be dry upon the surface.

"7th. When dried at a temperature of 212° or thereabouts, it should not lose more than 70 to 74 per cent. of its weight, whereas bad meat will often lose as much as 80 per cent."

On good meat there should be no sign of parasites, and there should be neither too little nor too much fat.

One method of finding out if meat is fresh or not is by passing a clean knife into it; and then if you smell the knife you can easily detect if the centre is in good condition.

I will here give you a few notes on the different meats enumerated at the beginning of this article.

Beef is usually considered to have very strengthening properties, but doctors are not quite agreed on this point.

Mutton is undoubtedly more easily digested. When you are in robust health you may not notice any difference in the effect, but if you are at all inclined to dyspepsia you will soon discover what I have stated to be true. Many people who can eat mutton with comfort and benefit to their general health cannot eat beef at all. The beef with them rests heavily upon the stomach.

In choosing mutton, the lean should be quite even, and *not* marbled with fat, as in beef.

Beef and mutton are really never out of season, but still, autumn and the beginning of winter are the times when both meats are in their perfection.

Veal. The flesh of young animals is more tender than that of old ones, but it is usually less digestible. The tissues of a young animal are more gelatinous, and are less stimulating and less nourishing than those of the older animals. There is so little fibrine and osmazone in very young meat that it is apt to be soft, insipid, and very flabby.

I am thankful to say, and my readers will be to know, that the practice which used to obtain of bleeding veal for some days before killing it, is now almost, if not entirely, abandoned. Calves killed for the London market are never treated in this way.

Veal not being easily digested should never be given to invalids or dyspeptics. When eaten by those in health it should be served with a good gravy made of Liebig's Extract, gravy made from gravy-beef, or else from "Gravina." The latter is a gravy-making powder which I have used much and found most excellent.

You should always use ham or bacon with veal, as these supply the want of fat.

As I am on the subject of veal, I may here allude to calves' feet, which give the very best kind of jelly. Jelly from them may be troublesome to make, but it is quite worth the trouble, the gelatine afforded by the process being most valuable as containing much nitrogen.

Lamb is more watery than mutton, and is more easily digested.

Pork. This meat is most difficult of digestion. It usually has more fat than mutton or beef, and the texture of the meat makes it difficult of mastication.

One pound of fresh pork contains 79 grains of nitrogen.

Pickled pork is more digestible than when boiled or roasted. Dr. Beaumont says the latter requires five and a quarter hours for digestion, while pickled pork can usually be digested in about three hours.

Dr. Edward Smith, writing on "Foods," says: "There is, however, a greater danger in the use of pork than of any other kind of meat, since, so far as is known, it is more frequently diseased, and the nature of the disease is such as to be very injurious to man. Thus, measly pork is known to have produced fatal results to many of those who have incautiously eaten it; and although the characteristics of the disease may be recognised by those who understand it, they are neither known nor observed by the great majority of the poorer classes. Further, the terrible pest of the small worm *Trichina spiralis* is much more frequent in this than in other kinds of flesh in its uncooked state; and the power which the creature has to penetrate the tissues of the back of those who eat it has been vividly described by German and American writers.

"Many instances of this terrible disease, isolated or in numbers, have now been recorded, and particularly in Germany. Of 103 healthy people who ate diseased pork which had been made into sausage-meat, at Helstadt, in Prussia, 20 died within a month. . . . . In all the fatal cases the worm was found to have penetrated the whole muscular system, and upwards of 50,000 were computed to exist in a square inch."

To prevent any such occurrence, the best thing you can do is to cook the meat very perfectly, and never have either in pork or veal any part of it raw or underdone.

Bacon. The fat of bacon is much less likely to quarrel with the digestion than the fat of pork. It only contains a small proportion of water, and in cooking it should not lose more than 10 to 15 per cent. It is much used with lean meats, such as veal, chicken, and rabbit, as well as with eggs, beans, and peas, all of which are rich in nitrogenous matter. This practice is founded upon a good principle, for the nitrogen balances well with the carbonaceous material.

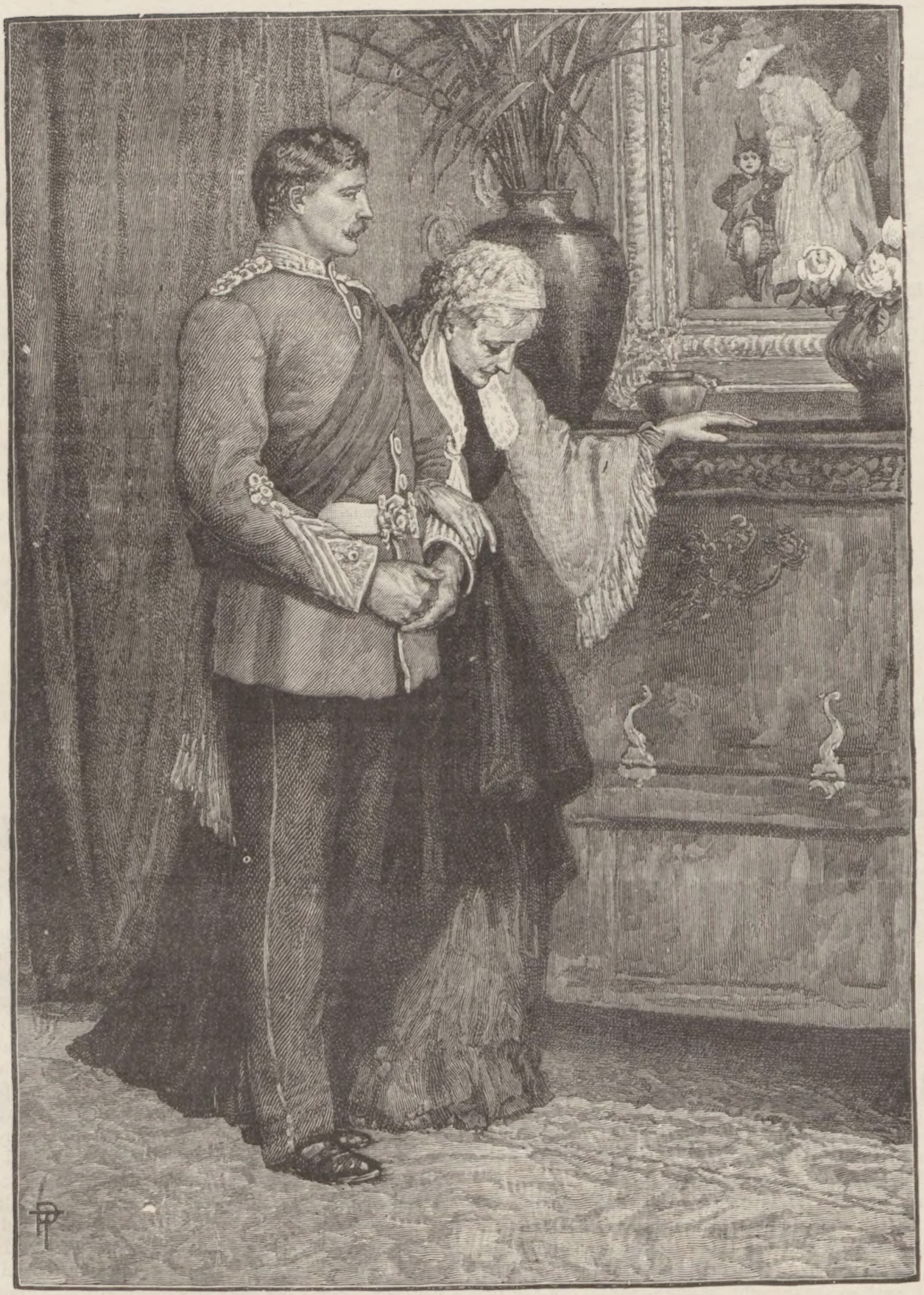
In choosing bacon you should always try and get that which is not very salt. Eating too salt bacon, or anything else salted for that matter, makes people thirsty, and that is ever to be avoided.

Venison. I am only thinking here of the flesh of the deer, and as it is not much used, there is no need to say much about it. It is a very digestible meat, but as it is rich and savoury as well, the latter qualities prevent its being useful for invalid diet. In concluding this article, I should like to say in regard to meat that which applies to all foods needing cooking—get your money's worth. By this I mean, learn to cook your food, whatever it may be, so well that it serves its purpose of maintaining life and health. Some people think careless cooking and want of variety in the dishes which day by day are placed on the table are of no importance. This is a great mistake. Bad cooking creates mischief in the digestive organs, and if there is delicacy of appetite, the temptation comes to make up the deficiency by the use of alcohol. This does not answer the purpose, and I am persuaded that were people to have better cooked meats there would be a great score on the side of total abstinence from that which leads so many astray.

Sameness in meats is another thing to guard against. It may be a little more trouble to get a cookery book, or to use the recipes in this magazine, and teach yourself or your servants, but it is worth while. It tends to the health of the household, and health is a blessing of God which we should endeavour to keep.

Women often say, sneeringly, that men care so much about their food. Probably they do. Many work hard all day, and it shows carelessness on the part of the mistress not to have her table set prettily with appetising dishes, which a man who has earned his food, as well as that of the household, has every right to enjoy.

Good food—not necessarily expensive food—well cooked and in variety, adds to the charms of home, and anything that does that serves the purpose of detaining husband and sons there, and making them say and think "there's no place like it." And surely that is a way of eating and drinking "to the glory of God" if you use the food He has given you to the best advantage, and make it the means of pleasing those around you. For the temperate, healthy appetite is not gluttony, which is a loathsome trait of character, and ever to be checked in children and discouraged in all whom you influence.



MOTHER AND SON.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. xxxi. 28.

FRAIL is the form that was so strong,
Faded the face that was so fair;
The hues that all to youth belong,
Have passed from eye, and cheek, and hair.

Once, it was she—that mother sweet—
Who led her boy through life's strange ways,
Guiding his little eager feet,
Guarding him with her care always.

Once, it was he on her who lean'd,
Safe at her side from all alarms;
Her love from every danger screened,
His woes were soothed in her fond arms.

She taught his faltering tongue to say
"Mother," and "God"; sweet words of grace!
She taught him at her knees to pray,
And made his home a holy place.

All noble deeds he learn'd to love
From her, all selfless virtues fair;
Climbing the path that leads above,
Herself, she drew him after her.

Now, tall and strong, her boy has grown
To man's estate, and still to him
She is the dearest he has known,
And fairest—though her eyes be dim!

He is her comfort and her pride,
Her soldier son, her help always;
'Tis she who now clings to his side,
His love her fostering care repays.

O women! mothers! do you know
What a sweet, solemn power is yours?
Who train your babes for joy or woe,
Whose influence for aye endures!

Oh, teach your sons to love and pray!
Make home for them the gate of heaven!
Lead their young feet to walk God's way,
Give back to Him what He hath given!

So shall His blessing on you rest,
And on the children of your love;
They shall rise up and call you blest,
And be your crown of joy above!

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

"PREPARED"; OR, MARJORIE'S MISTRESS.

BY LINA ORMAN-COOPER.

MARJORIE'S mistress was expecting a friend.

It was a rare event in the annals of the Carroll family. Generally, they "kept themselves to themselves," as the neighbours remarked; so it was a new thing to see the few lace-trimmed pillow-cases taken out of the linen press; to see the blankets, embroidered in one corner with Bertha's maiden name, hung before the fire to air; to see the network counterpane, so carefully stored for special occasions, softly shaken, and spread on the bed; to see the common yellow household soap replaced by tablets of the best scented!

Marjorie went about her work gladly and briskly. She so loved to feel, and handle, and see the pretty objects. If only her mistress would use these things in common, how much pride would her handmaiden take in keeping them nice!—at least, so she thought, as she scrubbed out the tiny spare room, and furbished jugs and basins.

Mrs. Carroll listened to her naïve remarks with rather a grave face. How little Marjorie knew that it was of necessity her mistress had learnt to be so careful and economical; how little Marjorie knew that in years gone by her mistress had *always* used the best scented soap for her white hands, that she had *always* slept beneath embroidered blankets, and laid her head on lace-trimmed pillows; how little she knew that all these comforts and luxuries had been given up freely and cheerfully, for love of the poor man who had asked her to become his wife. Her master was, to Marjorie, only rather an awesome, grave, unknown character. To Bertha, he was her knight, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

And for whom were all these preparations? For a certain little old Quaker lady, who lived in a trim house just round the corner—a trim house which was all in an uproar just at present, from the presence of plasterers, and painters, and upholsterers. Miss Benson so loved cleanliness, and brightness, and order, that every three years the walls of her rooms were repapered, repainted, and revarnished. So, it was in one of her triennial flittings that she was expected in No. 21, round the corner.

She came with a bright smile on her face, and a loving word on her lips. She pretty well guessed how welcome she would be in the Carroll family; and her confidence was not shaken by the hearty greeting she received at the door. Bertha was there, with her four little ones round her. Marjorie was there, in the pretty blue dress and neat cap. Mr. Carroll was there to give her his arm, and lead her in. Then, when she went up to her room, she was doubly sure of her welcome. Were not all the daintiest and rarest of the household gods grouped in her room? Miss Benson did not overlook the lace, or the net-work, or the china, or the curtains. She knew that love had prepared the very best in the house for her use.

I think her eyes were a little dim, as, to please Marjorie, she accepted her proffer of help in the *et ceteras* of the toilet the old lady usually manipulated herself. She knew the rough hands had received an extra "scrub," in order that they might not soil the purity of the muslin kerchief. She knew the white apron had only been tied on to prevent any possible speck from contaminating the dove-coloured dress. So she let the hands pin, and the apron be knelt upon, just to gratify the girl's heart. Wise and gentle Miss Benson!

Thoughtful Miss Benson, too! For she did not add to

the daily work in No. 21 round the corner. In the morning, when Marjorie went in to fling up the solitary window, she found the spare room as neat as a new pin. No slippers kicking about on the floor, or loose hairpins straggling on the toilet table. No nightdress lying unfolded on the bed, or towel crumpled on the rail. Everything put away so carefully, following the law of nature, as Miss Benson interpreted it. "A place for everything, and everything in its place" is a secular motto it would be well if all visitors would obey; or, better still, the Bible precept, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them" (Luke vi. 31).

Of course Miss Benson could not be long in the house before she had out her Bible. It was with a smile she opened it the morning after her arrival.

"Friend Bertha," she said, "thou and thy little handmaiden have taught me a lesson."

"I am so glad, Miss Benson," answered her hostess lightly; "it is only one in return for many, anyway."

"It is worth, to me, a great many of my little exordiums put together," continued Miss Benson gravely. Then she folded her hands and looked out of the window, while Bertha bustled round finishing her morning's work.

When Paddy had been despatched to school—he was growing a great boy now—the baby fed and bathed, and the simple daily orders given, she came and sat down by the side of her old friend, with a bit of white work in her hands.

"I am ready to listen now, Miss Benson," she said, smiling back at her visitor.

"Were you glad to see me here, friend?" Rather abruptly the inquiry was put.

"Of course I was," answered Bertha, indignantly.

"I knew it from the preparation thou didst make," continued Miss Benson. "And so thou hast taught me a lesson, Bertha Carroll; listen while I recite it to thee. For many months I have been neither strong nor well. A few weeks since the doctors told me I could never recover." The calm blue eyes looked quiet as ever, as the old lady spoke, but there was a little quiver on the soft mouth as she went on. "Strange to say, I was afraid, friend. *Afraid* of going away from thee and those that love me. *Afraid* of the welcome I would get up yonder! Now thou knowest the A B C of what I have learnt. Just as thou hast been pleased to get ready the room in thy house for me, so the Lord has gone 'to prepare a place' for me in His Father's many mansions. Just as thou didst meet me at the door, so will He 'stand' to receive me above" (Acts vii. 56).

Mrs. Carroll's violent sobs had been exchanged for a soft crying, before Miss Benson went on.

"Get thy Bible, friend Bertha! I wish to see what else is being prepared. Thou didst not rest with a welcome, child! I noted the quilt, and the carpet, and the curtains, and the lace. Will not the Lord Jesus Christ get everything of the best for me?"

Shall I tell you what Miss Benson and Mrs. Carroll found in God's Word that bright spring morning?

It was this. They found a "kingdom" had been prepared for them from the foundation of the world (Matt. xxv. 34).

That in that kingdom a *city* was set apart for them (Heb. xi. 16).

That in that city were to be seen many *mansions* (John xiv. 2), and in those mansions a *place* was being got ready for each of them.

Lastly, they read that in those places were laid up *treasures* undreamt of by the heart of man, and precious "things" above the imagination of the present, prepared by God for them that love Him (1 Cor. ii. 9).

"The kingdom would be too vast for us, Bertha Carroll! The city too large. The mansions too grand. So He tells us of the homely *rooms*—the cosy *places* in those rooms—and the comforts He is preparing for us in every spot and corner," commented Miss Benson, looking round the tiny earthly sanctum got ready for her so lovingly. Then she continued, musingly, "Maybe only a little room for *me*, for I am a lonely body, friend Bertha! but I think a number of chambers will be required for thee and the children! He knows our need, and will portion our inheritance for us—"

"Just as the tribes had big or little lots given them when they entered the land of Canaan?" queried Mrs. Carroll, with a watery smile.

Miss Benson nodded.

"Just so!" and then she finished up softly, "And He will prepare our *hearts*, friend Bertha (Ps. x. 17). He will make me *willing* in the day of His power!"

* * * * *

After Miss Benson had left the pink room empty, and gone back to the trim house round the corner, Marjorie's mistress told her handmaiden of the talk they had had.

"So you see, Marjorie," she ended up with, "your labour was not in vain in the Lord. When you and I"—how pleasant the combination sounded in the young servant's ear—"When you and I were trying to obey the order, 'Use hospitality one to another without grudging,' we were entertaining something like an angel unawares!"

THE INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

BY MINNIE GILBERT SPRAGUE.

When the day is gloomy, the house dark, spirits low, how quickly the cloud seems lifted from our hearts by one of God's smiles, the sunshine flooding the earth with sudden brightness and the home with a new cheerfulness. So it is with the sweet influence of our human smiles. One has only to try a few experiments to become a thorough convert to the religion of smiles in all stations and situations in life. Even reproof will act like a sweetened medicine, if accompanied by a winning smile.

Some people find it hard to smile. A great many of them smile inwardly, just as others carry their anger inwardly, and are therefore called "amiable people." They always remind me of a certain bright little baby girl, who, when her older sisters were invited to a child's party, leaving her out in the cold, came to her mother and said with a toss of her golden head, "Mamma, I'm so mad, my fists are doubled up inside of me." A wise baby that, to learn the lesson so early in life, that if the fists are to be doubled it should be done inwardly. So it is with the smiles of many people—alas! they do all their smiling inwardly, and although they may illumine their own souls, they are not so satisfying as those who not only feel the smile but shed it abroad on others.

A jolly man, a genial woman is almost invariably a favourite wherever he or she may go. Their appearance is greeted with delight, and the warming influence of their smiles is equal to a burst of sunshine. Children are smiled upon too little. There are many households where the mother finds time for all duties save that of warming the growing little souls with loving smiles. The house is kept in perfect order, the little stockings are kept mended, the material wants are all supplied, but through it all there is a longing in the little hearts unfulfilled, a want unsupplied. When the much loved little ones are brushed and buttoned and started off for school, the mother looks after them with a satisfied feeling that she has done her duty, but they carry no remembrance of a bit of mothershine in the way of a smile. Instead of "love me and be good" it is too often a last fretful injunction regarding the shoes, or the care of the new suit of clothes, or something to that effect.

As for the smiles of father—well, they are so rare they seem not to be expected. Of course he comes home from the office tired, and it is in too many homes also the way to hustle the children out of sight, that the tired father may wrap himself in the evening paper and nap undisturbed. Few and far between are his smiles, and the children grow up with the remembrance of an anxious, worried face, instead of the smiling one it would be so sweet to carry among memory's pictures.

How refreshing and restful would be the relief from the business strain, if the fatherly dignity could relax and allow him, with a smiling face, to join for awhile in the evening games, and be a boy once more.

Few understand the effect of smiles on one's own health and mental equilibrium. When worried and anxious, when the little care-lines begin to draw down the mouth and wrinkle the forehead—when it does seem as if the house never looked so untidy, or the servant never proved so untrustworthy, try a bit of sunshine in the way of a smile, and see how the trouble will shrink to small proportions and how calmly sweet you can regard what so short a time before appeared like a mountain.

It is a well-known fact that the voice is sweeter in singing when the mouth forms a smile. So in every day life little worries will melt away if smiled upon, and not only your own atmosphere be kept calmer and sweeter, but others will feel the restful and warming influence and learn to smile with you.

It is a woman's duty to keep young and fair for her husband and sons. If she would do this let her smile often. Better than all the much advertised creams and beauty masks is the effect of a calm and smiling face. If the wrinkles and lines do insist on marking the flight of years, they will curve themselves in such sweet lines that all who behold will wonder how Time can be so partial. Even tears are less bitter when the mouth is covered in smiles and the warmth of the smile-shine will soon dry the tear-shower.

"So smile on friend and foe,
That they who hating came
Will loving go."

A HINDOO TEMPLE.

VALLANĀDU.

BY MRS. CAVALIER.

CHAPTER I.

DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS.

It was a hot February afternoon in India. One could scarcely imagine that there probably was a drizzling rain with a cold wind in the British Isles, for there was a brilliant blue sky, and the glare from the burning sunshine lit up the flowers on the gorgeous foliage around our bungalow. Only the gay parrots disturbed the stillness with their occasional shrieks as they flew from tree to tree. By-and-by the sound of sweet singing reached the ear. The girls in the school were having their closing lyric, or native hymn. At this moment it was announced by our good servant, Joseph, that some men from a village nine miles away wished to see us. They came forward, the foremost of them carrying some baskets, the contents of which they placed on our table. After salaaming, and some little conversation, they began to tell us their errand.

Twenty men had come as representatives of 167 people in Vallanādu, who had just given up devil-worship and wished to become Christians. In order to prevent their idols being a source of temptation to them they had smashed all of them to pieces, except a few which they had placed on our table, in token of their sincerity. These consisted of two sawdust dolls, very ugly and very dirty; they had been used by the devil-priests when dancing before the people who worshipped them. Then there were the club and lancet of the presiding goddess of their village; she was life-size, but had been knocked to pieces. The devil-dancer's dress

GROUP OF DEVIL-DANCERS.

was spread out for our inspection. It was a short, skirt-like garment, curiously worked, and trimmed with bells all along the edge. There were various vessels, all curious and very ancient, and made from metal resembling brass. The holy-water pot was the largest, two pots for white ashes, with which every devil-worshipper smears the forehead. These were ornamented with representations of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, namely, the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer. These three gods are known as the Hindu Triad, or Trinity.

There was the lamp which, for many, many years, had been kept alight in their Devil-Temple. When the oil gets low in these lamps it is constantly replenished by the priest. The incense-burner had evidently been well used, and waved till its fumes pervaded every part of the building.

Four anklets worn by the priests when "devil-dancing" were also given to us. These things were hollow, and filled with substances which rattled, in order to frighten away the evil spirits! Last, but not least, a clanking bell was handed to us. It had been rung, not to summon the worshippers, but to waken the goddess, so that she might listen to her admirers.

We wondered why these poor people were so anxious to cast off heathenism and to become Christians. The old devil-priest who headed the procession of villagers, told us the following story:—

"Some years ago our only daughter was married, and went with her husband to live in another village. There they heard of the Christian religion, and determined not to worship idols any longer. Whenever we saw our daughter she begged us to give up our idols. 'Father,' she would say, 'if you don't love Jesus now, you can never be happy in heaven; and I do want you and mother to meet me there.' Her mother was quite frightened when she talked in this way, and I used to get angry, and say the gods would surely punish us all.

"Time went on. Heavy rains fell; then trouble followed, for cholera visited the village where my daughter lived, and she sickened one evening. When the morning dawned she died. A messenger hastened to tell us. Our hearts were very sore, for we loved her, and we said, 'Let us get someone to teach us about Jesus of Whom she spoke.' And now we have come to you for a teacher, for we all want to know more, and to give up a worship which has never done us any good."

The old devil-priest wiped the tears from his eyes with the corner of the cloth which he used as a turban.

After a little instruction in the Scriptures and prayer, these strange people left us, but not till we had promised to see them soon in their own village.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE VILLAGE.

In a few days Vallanādu was visited, and there was a very hearty welcome from the people. They had put up a vandal or kind of tent in order to have services. It did not give much protection from the hot sun, but it enabled the people to gather together for instruction in the Word of God. They had entirely demolished their own heathen temple, and not a vestige of it remained. The site was cleared for a church. A year before the people had built a new Devil-Temple, which cost them more than Rs. 1,000. At the entrance was the remnant of the altar on which the pusari or priest killed the sacrifices. The entrance was small, and was the only place where light was admitted. Inside was a pedestal on which idols had stood. There were the remains of three; two were broken so as to be useless; one, a small image of Anumoi, the monkey god, had escaped, and is now in our possession. There was a small place partitioned off for a kitchen, with places for the fire. Here the priest cooked the sacrifices before presenting them to the god. At the far end of the building was a small room, quite dark, with a pedestal on which the chief idol had stood, but which had been broken to pieces. The entrance was by a very small door, and here the priest alone dare enter. The place was new, and well built, and the people wished to use it as a schoolroom.

There was still another dark temple to be seen. Inside there was a pedestal, at the foot of which were the headless trunks of two idols, a male and a female devil. Outside were two other places, each containing a black carved stone image. Each god had its face destroyed.

That afternoon two goldsmiths came to say they wanted to become Christians, with nearly twenty families of the same craft. Here was an addition to the 184 inquirers! They came to ask someone to go and preach to them. About twenty-five natives soon crowded into the missionary's tent, and a prayer-meeting was held for an hour; all seemed much impressed. After this some questions were asked on the subject which had been taken, namely, the Water of Life. The dusky faces could scarcely be seen by the aid of a solitary lantern, but many answered well, and showed that interest was aroused. It was difficult to believe that these strange people were so recently devil-worshippers, and the place wholly given up to idolatry. Even the women were ready to listen to the sweet Gospel message, though they still looked down-trodden and unhappy. Their faces were closely veiled as they stood in

MASK OF A DEVIL-DANCER.

the background, eager to catch if it were but a faint echo of the Gospel sound. Oh that more of Britain's favoured "handmaids" did but realise what a grand work for the Master lies before them, would they but take the glad tidings to earth's sad ones in the villages of India.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGES!

Five hot, trying months passed by. Once more a visit was made to Vallanādu. Come with us, dear reader, in imagination, and we will first notice the "church," which was the Devil-Temple formerly. It is wonderfully changed. Where the holy place stood they have knocked down the end wall, and made the little room into a porch, entering the building now from the opposite end.

Where the door formerly stood they have extended the building, and put in a window over where the altar was, and a window at each side. All vestiges of idolatry have disappeared, and the light, airy building is a great contrast to the dark, dirty hole it formerly was. Surely here is a striking symbol of the difference between heathen darkness and the light of the Gospel. About two hundred people are standing near; gaze at them. All are improved in appearance, especially the women, whose clean cloths, or sarees, neat hair, and bright faces, testify that some marvellous change has been at work in Vallanādu! Listen how well these people of the weaver caste answer the Scripture questions, considering that five months ago they were idolaters.

Listen again; these native people are joining in a hymn or lyric, "Sing praises to Jesus, sing praises," and even the little ones lisp the glad strain.

But now stand by and witness the baptism of some of these inquirers. Bishop Sargent, who for so many years laboured in connection with the Church Missionary Society in Tinnevelly, baptises eleven families, consisting of fifty-three persons; they vary in age from old people to babies in arms!

It is a solemn service, and when the two former devil-dancers of the place profess openly their desire to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, we can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought."

Come with us still a little further, for the day's work is not yet complete. The goldsmiths must be visited, for they, too, had asked for a teacher five months ago. They leave their craft and assemble for the preaching. Amongst them are the two men who had begged for a missionary in their village. At the close they are urged to decide for Christ.

"We want to be on the Lord's side," they say; "but our wives hinder us. They refuse to join us, fearing the wrath of the devils."

Others say, "Let us keep our caste, Lord, then we will become Christians."

Again, we hear, "We have never joined in the idolatry here, because we believe there is only one God. Now He has taught us how to seek Him. But our wives, they hinder us." Their faces wear a troubled expression, as they turn for sympathy and comfort to the missionary.

When will the wives and mothers of India be freed from the slavery of superstition, demon-worship, and idolatry? Not till the band of devoted women workers is enlarged, and many more go forth in obedience to our Lord's command, to gather, from those distant villages in India, some gems to shine in the Master's crown.

NURSING.

BY R. COCHRANE.

A LITTLE daughter born in Florence, in 1829, to an English gentleman, William E. Nightingale, of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Embley Park, Hampshire, had her Christian name from the city of her birth, and a higher and wider education afterwards than usually falls to the lot of women, for she had her head stored with mathematics, classics, and modern languages. She became also a good musician and needlewoman. She grew out of a happy childhood with an undefined longing to be of service to her brothers and sisters of humanity, spent some time in training at Pastor Fliedner's Deaconesses' Institution, Kaiserswerth, and other hospitals on the Continent. And so it came to pass, with her warm, young heart ready to be touched with a feeling for the infirmities of others, and her trained mind and hands, she was ready for the work to which God might lead her. She followed her noblest instincts of service, and offered herself in the autumn of 1854 to go to the Crimea and organise the nursing staff there. The letter she wrote, offering her services to Mr. Sidney Herbert, Minister of War, crossed one from the latter asking her to go. But she had the credit of acting on her good impulses for service.

All the world knows the effective and useful services of Florence Nightingale in the hospital at Scutari. From these services sprang our organised system of modern nursing. A grateful public on her return, to mark appreciation of her national services, subscribed £50,000 towards the Nightingale Nurses' Fund. At a meeting held in London, November 29th, 1855, the Duke of Cambridge presided, and referred to Miss Nightingale's "glorious services." A letter from one of the soldiers in the hospital at Scutari was read: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to a many more, but she couldn't do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." Another soldier wrote: "Before she came there was such cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church." The money raised, was placed at Miss Nightingale's disposal, and she very wisely devoted it to the establishment of a Nurse's Home in connection with St. Thomas' Hospital, London, which was founded in 1860. At first there were fifteen probationer nurses; up to the end of 1889, 500 nurses had been sent out who had been trained in the Nightingale School. The nursing staffain St. Thomas' Hospital has also been recruited from those trained here. Those who enter this home pass a year on probation, while they act as assistant nurses, under the control of the Hospital matron, and instructed by the medical officers and head nurses. After this year of probation, some time is passed in a public hospital where more experience is gained. The result has more than justified the efforts of Miss Nightingale and the promoters; and has stimulated like efforts all over the Kingdom.

A hospital training is now necessary for a qualified nurse. The age for entering being 25 to 35, and from 20 to 30 in

children's hospitals. The salaries are commonly £10 the first year, £15 the second, and £20 for the third year. The salary of a full-blown nurse is from £30 to £60. Private nurses may receive from £1 or £1 10s., up to three guineas a week. Some of the duties at first may only embrace those of an ordinary housemaid, such as dusting the ward. But the probationer is taught the dressing of blisters, burns, sores, wounds; the application of fomentations, poultices and leeches; the removal of patients while in bed; and sick-room cookery. Her duty is to wait on the doctor and staff nurse as well, while she is also expected to attend the hospital lectures. If the probationer intends to remain at hospital work, she becomes a regular ward nurse; or she may leave to follow any other branch of nursing upon which her mind may be bent. A certificate is granted at the close of hospital training. Probationers are taken in at the London Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, St. Mary's, St. Thomas', as we have already mentioned, and Guy's, as also at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. In Glasgow, at the Western Infirmary; in Edinburgh, at the Royal Infirmary; in Dublin, at Adelaide, Meath, and Sir Patrick Dunn's; in Belfast, at the Royal Hospital.

The St. Andrew's Ambulance Association, founded in Glasgow in 1882, with a branch in Edinburgh, gives instruction in home nursing, and the treatment of infants in health and disease. More than 5,000 persons have been instructed in first aid to the injured and home nursing since 1883. A Committee of ladies is responsible for the nursing department; the head office is 40, Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

It was quite in keeping with the good-heartedness and good sense of Her Majesty Queen Victoria that she should devote the women's jubilee offering of £70,000 to founding Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. The interest of the capital sum is devoted to training nurses for the poor, at the four centres in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cardiff. Those nurses who have had regular training elsewhere are eligible to wear the badge as Queen's nurse. The only defect with the latter is the smallness of their number as yet; for the demand for these nurses far exceeds the supply in every large town. The training includes a year of hospital work, six months in a central district home; and for country members three months' training in midwifery. Ladies in good social position are required as nurses for the army and navy, and they need three years of training in a general hospital.

The foundation requirements for a good nurse are *good health* and *sympathy*, with self-control, cheerfulness, and patience; if she has these, the other acquirements may be gained by practice. The fine feeling and the sympathetic touch which comes from a kind heart cannot be acquired. When Louisa Alcott, authoress of "Little Women," was thirty years of age, she felt that she must let out her pent-up energy in some new way. She decided to go to Georgetown to nurse the soldiers wounded in the civil war, if she could find a place. There she got material for her graphic "Hospital Sketches," and there, like Florence Nightingale and many another self-sacrificing woman, she undermined her robust health. Though often home-sick and worn out, she found real pleasure in comforting, tending, and cheering the poor souls. A bad attack of typhoid fever finished her hospital experiences. It was at Walsall, as manager of an hospital, that Dora Pattison showed her wonderful capabilities as nurse. She shrank from no form of disease, however loathsome or repulsive, and alone tended the patients in a small-pox hospital, sitting up with sufferers day and night. She had, too, great surgical skill and great force of character, as all readers of her biography by Margaret Lonsdale well know. Agnes Jones, too, was a pioneer in workhouse management and nursing; and Florence S. Lees had a share in the nursing during the Franco-German war. These are exceptional women with exceptional duties, however, but the story of their work ought to prove a stimulus to others.

Every mother of a family ought to possess the rudiments of good nursing; in a country district, far from a doctor, with few near neighbours, a little knowledge may save a life. In the village or the town you may save sending for the doctor if you have a knowledge of what the trouble is that afflicts your child. The great matter is coolness and self-control. However much or little knowledge you may possess, you can soon know whether the trouble is beyond your simple skill and careful nursing, and that the doctor must be sent for at once. By all means take every opportunity of enlarging your knowledge. Read every book that will help you; lie in wait in a humble spirit when some one is talking who can instruct you. Attend a course of ambulance lectures, which usually includes nursing. You have your own good health, experience, and instinct to help you. Get a simple book on nursing and master its contents, such as that by Weatherley, or "Home Nursing," by Rachael A. Neuman, or Florence Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing." But in nursing, as in most other matters, experience is everything. However willing you may be, you must pass through your period of probation, either of systematic drill in a hospital, or more or less active work in helping others. In helping others through an emergency you will also be helping yourself; and in giving the cup of cold water to drink in the name of a disciple, you shall in nowise lose your reward.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

As the welcome sunshine is again streaming into our homes our attention is beginning to turn to the necessity of spring cleaning, house decorating, etc.; hence some of our readers will be pleased to see a very useful apron in our illustration (Fig. 9) which will be found invaluable to wear while either cooking or cleaning, as it will almost cover the entire dress. It is made in brown holland, which runs about forty inches wide, and two yards are sufficient for the whole. The apron skirt is cut thirty-six inches long, and is set into a pointed, fitting band. The swinging pocket is made large enough to hold the handkerchief, purse, keys, etc., and is sewn into the band on the right side. There is another small pocket on the left side of the bodice for the watch. The sleeves are cut full, so as to go easily over the dress sleeve, and a piece of elastic is run in at the bottom to keep them snug at the wrist.

Fig. 10 shows a more elaborate, though equally useful, apron, which will at any time be a pretty set-off to a tea dress. It is made of white lawn, of which four yards will be required. The body and skirt are made in one; in fact, the pattern is simply a revival of the "Pinafore apron" so much in favour some years since. The sides are gored and

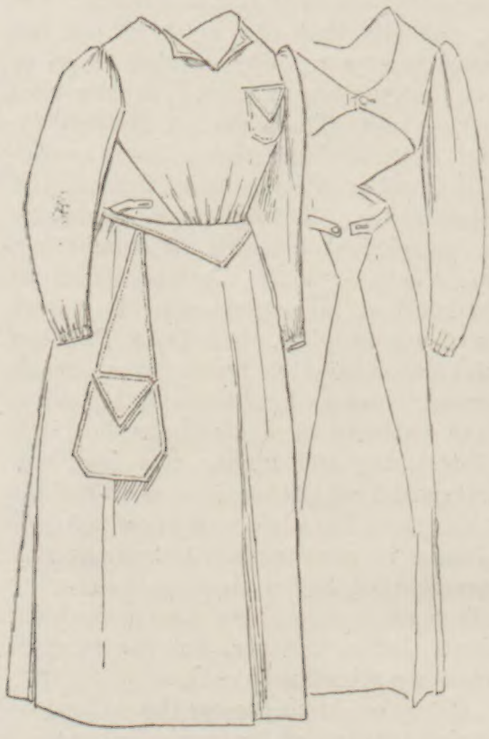


Fig. 9.

seamed up to just above the waistline, while the top is gathered into a band and smocked.

The pattern worked on the neckband could be carried out in cross-stitch, crewel or braiding, lace being sewn at the edges, which gives the apron a pretty, finished appearance. Care must be taken in buying braids or threads to secure ingrain colours to ensure washing. The waist is drawn in with a band of lawn, which is tied at the side, leaving sufficient for long ends.

As it is not yet warm enough to go outdoors in a costume, a few remarks about mantles may be seasonable.

The styles this year seem to be more varied than ever. The latest Parisian novelties shown are in silk and satin, with lace, jet and stud ornamentation. One likely to take a prominent place amongst young persons, is tight fitting, being almost an exact copy of the Newmarket coat-shaped jacket, with straight folds of lace from the shoulder to form the sleeves, surmounted by a double box pleat.

Many ladies on the Continent are wearing a silk-pleated mantle, which has the appearance of a policeman's cape. It takes five yards of material, and its only trimming is black studs, which form vandykes up the mantle, the bottom row being as large as brooches and graduating to the size of an ordinary dress button, the high collar being studded all over with the smaller size. Those who study economy should use their short jackets by taking out the sleeves, ripping out the under seams, and using the top parts by cutting them into a full V from the shoulder to the elbow, which should be trimmed round with lace. A kilt of lace should go round the bottom, with a broad ribbon on top of the lace, a long bow and longer ends tying in front and hanging nearly to the bottom of the dress. It could be made additionally smart by using a beaded gimp trimming. If girls who have time would only bead over shabby gimp they would be astonished at the beautiful trimmings that can be made, and they would have a precise copy of the mantle worn by their young sisters across the channel. The collar of every mantle is high, but curved outwardly, entirely doing away with the harsh look so often complained of during the late season.

We give here (Fig. 11) a sketch of a very simple mantle which can easily be made at home. It can be composed of silk, satin, or fancy cloth, having garnitures of *ruched* silk. The back has one seam; the front piece is cut large enough to form front and shoulders, and to hang straight from front of throat to shoulder seam, where the material is cut down to the high shoulder. The material at the back of the shoulder is sloped to form the seams on either side of the centre one, the high collar curved and lined with silk, the ruche of silk lace, chenille, or feather trimming going round the collar and down the fronts. A bow with long ends from the throat might be added to give smartness, three yards of material and two yards of trimming being the quantity required for a copy of this pattern. A thin sarcenet at about 1s. per yard would be found suitable for lining.

Flat Patterns can be supplied: Figs. 9 and 10, 4½d. each; Fig. 11, 6½d. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

N.B.—It is not necessary to cut out the figure and send with order, the number of pattern being sufficient.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11 (back).

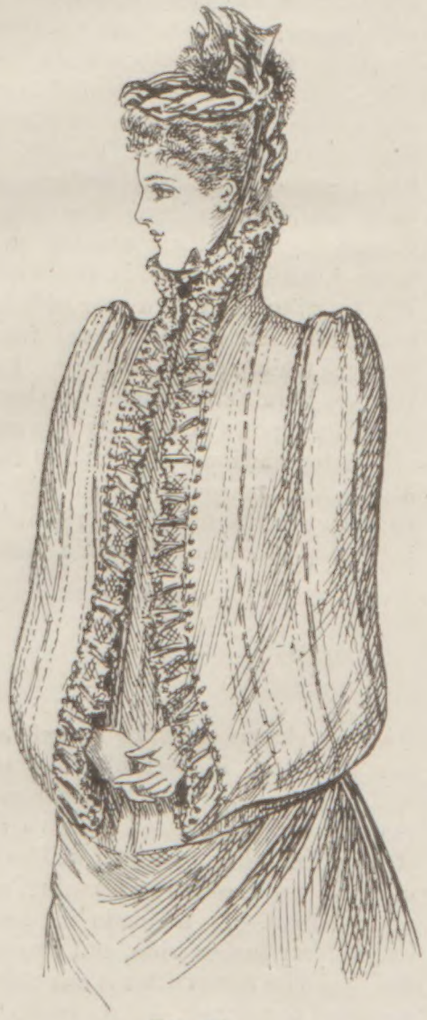


Fig. 11.